Trincalo Sainted;

OR THE

EXALTATION

Of the *Jesuits* Implement, and Printer *General*,

The NOTORIOUS

Nathaniel Thomson,

On this present 5*th* of *July*, 1682.

The day of his being Registred among the *Popish* Saints, for his Meritorious Libel, Concerning the Murther of Sir *EB. G.* and Magnificently and Numerously attended, to his Enthroning in the *Pillory*, for that purpose Erected in the Pallace-Yard in *Westminster*, for the Encouragement of *Towzer* and *Heraclitus*, to proceed till they obtain the like Exaltment.

WHO would ever have believed, once upon a time, that this poor Printer *Nat. Thomson*, that went up and down Town to beg Work to Buy his *Manks* Lady Porridg, should grow to that Pride, Riches, Impudence, and Lying, as to arrive at this Exaltation to the Pillory, and to become a *Popish* Saint in the rank of St. *Celliers*, his great Patroness and Example: But alas! who knows his Fortune, to day a Villain, to morrow a Saint. I find it was beyond the Capacity of *Gadbury*, himself, to find out this mans Fortune, whose three-penny Stars never foreshew'd so great Preferment. But what Atchievements has this Hector performed for the Cause! How bravely has he behaved himself forth with might and main

main to gain this Exaltation! This is he who has privately Printed whole Cart-Loads of Popiſh Maſs-Books, and other prohibited Papiſtical Doctrines, ſpreading them to impoyſon the Nation. This is he who privately Printed the Appeal, and other pernicious Libells againſt the Government. This is he who publiquely Printed innumerable Scurrilous Songs and Ballads, lewd and Scandalous Libells againſt many perſons of great Quality and known Loyalty, dayly ſpawning them to abuſe the Loyal Subjects, to corrupt the Ignorant, and to encourage the Miſchievous. This is *Trincalo* the *Jackal* to *Towzer*, who uſed to lead the way like a Treble in his *Loyal Intelligence*, whilſt *Towzer* with a full mouth'd Baſe, in his *Obſervations* hunted the *Proteſtant* Puſs, to make the *Papiſts* ſport, and to ſhew the *Tories* game. This is the Loyal lying Knight of the Poſt, who is now exalted to be the Knight of the Wooden Ruff, which he had long ſince deſerved. But of all thoſe petty Atchivements, of Lying Intelligences, Appeals, abuſive Songs, falſe Advertiſements, Popiſh Ballads, Treaſonable Pamphlets, Jeſuitical Catachiſms, and ſuch like, of which the ſingle Ey'd *Obſervator* took no notice at all, nothing was ſo meritorious to him as to gain him this Preferment of *Saint* and Pillory *Martyr*, as his notorious Letters to Mr. *Miles Prance*, to prove Sir *EB. G. ſelo de ſe*: wherein *He*, and his two Secretaries *Pain* and *Farwell*, moſt Impudently, Scandallouſly, and Malitiouſly, by *Jeſuitical* and *Diabolical* Inſtigation, endeavoured to wrong the pious memory of the Dead, and to Scandalize and Impeach the Juſtice of the Nation, to beſpatter and make Perjur'd the Kings Evidence, and to render the *Proteſtants* of this Kingdom rediculous to all Nations; to diſanul and overthrow the belief of any *Popiſh Plot*, (the main end and deſign) againſt ſo many Royal Proclamations, ſo many Declarations and Votes of ſeveral *Parliaments*, and againſt the mind, acknowledgment, and belief of ſo many Miniſters of State and Juſtice concerned in the proof of it; this is the high and meritorious Act, that has got our famous Impudent, Brazen-forheaded Printer a Name, and brought him to his deſerved Preferment. Alas! He that burnt the famous Temple of *Diana* at *Epheſus* to get him a Name, was a Fool to this man: who has made himſelf famous or rather infamous to all poſterity, and got Money and *Saintſhip* to Boot. But what did this bold *Nat* think, and thoſe who ſet him on work, to affront and arraign Juſtice, to have thus brought the lives of ſeveral Perſons in danger, to have made the Popiſh Plot an Invention, and thoſe who ſuffered for it Innocent, after ſuch undeniable proofs againſt them? I ſay, did they think or believe that the Eyes of Juſtice had been out? and that the whole Nation were blind, that they ſhould ſo much as hope to carry on this ſo unlikely project? The God of this World had hood-wink'd this Barking *Trincalo*: He could ſee nothing but *Mammon*, and the Golden ſhower that fell into his Pockets, and the Devil had taken away his Reaſon, and the underſtanding of his Maſters, who had ſet him on work.

Perhaps

Perhaps he thought he could not go amiss under the tuition of the Guide to the Inferior Clergy; and that having escap'd so many horrid Villanies, he durst now attempt the greatest that ever was known, arming himself like the Giants of Old, and assaulting Heaven it self. But the Devil and the *Observator* have forsook him at last, left him to the mercy of a City Jury, and to the just punishment of the Law. Alas! he thought they were all *Ignoramusses*, and that they knew not how to write *Bills vera*; but it seems he was mistaken. But is mighty *Nat*'s Boastings, to prove that Sir *E. B. G.* murther'd himself by Sixty Witnesses come to this, that those very men he brought should be Evidence against him, and should openly confess, that they believed in their Consciences, that he was trayterously murther'd, first strangl'd, and then run through? Thus they who lay a Snare, and dig a Pit for others fall into it themselves. Are the great Designs of the Papistical *Tories* dwindl'd away to nothing? Is the mighty and impudent Champion laid on his back? But you are deceived, he still keeps his face of Brass; and tho' convict of horrid Crimes, he openly and impudently avows, he had done nothing for which he should be ashamed to shew his Face. Oh brave *Nat!* Oh unparallel'd Impudence! now the World will see that shameless Face, that graceless Visage, looking thorow a wooden Port-hole, with an Helmet on its Head, to stand the Tempest of Turnips, Apples, and rotten Eggs. The Day of this Exaltation has been long look'd for, and it is come at last. What will they now do for another Printer, to Midwife the Popish treasonable Brats into the World? How disappointed will the undermining *Jesuites* be for the want of their Implement, to infect the silly Vulger with their wicked Pamphlets? What Lamentation and hanging down the Head will there be among the Fraternity in *Newgate*, and elsewhere? How will Dame *Celliers* rejoyce to have a Fellow *Saint*, that has bravely withstood the Battery of Dirt and Stones for the Cause, and arrived to the Honor of the Calender? But what will his Friend and Crony the *Observator* say, and observe upon all this? Does not he think his Turn may come, and that he may arrive at last through his great pains to the like Exaltation. Well, impndent *Nat.* thou hast obtained thy long merited Glory, and now thou wilt be most justly rewarded with the Order of the Wooden Ruff, and with the Honor of being a Popish *Saint* and *Sufferer*. This may comfort thy Heart, and the Cockles of thy Bawling Spouse, who having printed many a Ditty, cannot but be well pleased at her Lord's Exaltation; and to encourage thee, and in honour of the Holyday of thy Exaltation, suppose some Popish Dogeril Poet has taken the pains to write a Stanza or two for thy Dame, she with her wide Throat and old croaking Voice, sings thus to her Beloved *Nat.*

The Knight *of the* Wooden Ruffs *Exaltation,*

Sung to a delicate *Tory* Tune, by the *Manks* Lady his Wife.

1.

COme ſtand to thy Tackle *Nat*,
Let thy bonny ſweet Face be ſeen,
I ſcorn to lend thee an Hat
Thy Brazen Face to skreen.

2.

Thou need'ſt not an Iron Cap,
To keep off Stone or Dirt,
For tho' they ſhould give thee a Rap,
Thy Horns will keep thee from Hurt.

3.

Then hold forth thy impudent Face:
For't muſt be a delicate Sight,
To ſee't peep through a Wooden Caſe:
For now thou art dubb'd a Knight.

4.

Unleſs hung at the Triple Tree
What could we wiſh for more?
A Lady I now ſhall be,
Whatever I was before.

5.

A Villain I have thee known,
Such as Pen could ſcarcely paint;
But now my dear *Nat.* is grown
On a ſuddain a damnable Saint.

6.

Hold forth then thy graceleſs Snout,
Which never had yet Shame in't,
And leſt of it any ſhould doubt,
Thou haſt told the World ſo in Print.

7.

Now thou art exalted high,
The *Whigs*, tho' below, thee do ſee;
Then like a true *Tory* Cry,
Now hey Boys up go we.

8.

Who ſerves Jeſuite, Prieſt or Pope,
Shall thus advanced be
With Pillory, Whip, or Rope,
Thus *Hey Boys up go we.*

London, Printed for *J. B.* 1682.